

RUTLAND HERALD.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DESIGNED TO BE A GENERAL REPOSITORY OF POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL, DISCUSSIONAL, MORAL, MISCELLANEOUS AND ENTERTAINING READINGS.

WHITE & GUERNSEY.

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FUNERAL OF DR. WEBSTER.

The funeral solemnities of this great and good man were attended yesterday afternoon by a large concourse of citizens. The Rev. Dr. Bacon being absent, the services at the church were performed by Rev. Dr. Taylor and Rev. Mr. Dutton. After singing the appropriate hymn, beginning thus—
"Friend after friend departs"—
the Rev. Dr. Taylor rose to pronounce the Funeral Address. This was a finished and able performance. The speaker glanced at some of the prominent events in the life of Dr. Webster to illustrate his exalted patriotism, his great purity of character, his wonderful industry and perseverance, and his love of faith in God. No citizen's name, said the speaker, except that of the Father of his Country, has been more conspicuously and honorably before the country for a great number of years than that of Noah Webster. He had lived to a venerable age, and had been an actor in some of the most important scenes through which the country had passed since the time of its colonial dependence—he had ever been the fast friend of Washington, and in trying times was the defender of most of the great measures of that great man's administration. It is believed, said Dr. Taylor, that Mr. Webster wrote the first line ever penned in advocacy of the adoption of a National Constitution. The variety and extent of Dr. Webster's knowledge on all subjects were described in a manner most graphic and interesting. He always had something to do. He was a doctor to the ill in every form, and his literary recreation was but a change of useful employment, not a hazy repose. Lastly, he died as he lived—a *confiding Christian*—and his last words were, "I know in whom I have believed—and I have believed—and I depart without one fear or one wavering doubt." This address we presume will be published, and we therefore refrain from speaking of it more particularly.—*New Haven Palladium.*

A HARD CASE.

An incident occurred on Sunday last in one of the respectable quiet streets of our city which at any time would have been considered trifling, but which in these temperance days is indeed most passing strange. A young man whose father on dying a few years since left him a fortune of \$30,000, was seen to drive up to the residence of his family in a cab, so heavily intoxicated, so awful in appearance, as to strike every one with abhorrence. He was without coat or hat, and the rest of his scanty clothing was torn to pieces and covered with dirt. While from the frightful gashes on his head the blood streamed down over his face, a spectacle of horror! Such a spectacle! Such an object! to present itself on the Sabbath day at the house of a mother! And this is a wine drinker, one whom we doubt not has always been a strenuous advocate for an occasional glass, that occasional glass which is the source and origin of all the damning evils that blot drunkenness accumulates upon its head. This young gentleman, not yet 23 years of age, thus attired in his tattered and bloody habiliments, pitched from the cab to the pavement, and then staggered to the steps that led to his mother's dwelling. What a sight, could you see! But fortunately that poor mother was spared the appalling exhibition. The family had just gone to church and the son was denied admittance by the servants. This refusal enraged the drunkard, who, in attempting to force the entrance, raised one by the hinge which then fell on him heavily, wounding and prostrating him upon the pavement from whence he was taken into the house, and subsequently removed to the hospital. This really frightful scene was witnessed by a crowd of several hundred persons, drawn together by the ravings of the drunken madman. His history, brilliant, brief, hastily should furnish a powerful lesson to the gentlemanly young toppers who are so conceitedly following in the same path.—*Philadelphia Museum.*

A Courly Retort. A certain lawyer, in one of the Western States, had a dog that was a great favorite, and was in the habit of attending Court with him. One day the dog took it into his head to ascend the bench, and annoyed the Judge very much by running between his legs. The Judge, in a great rage, gave him a violent kick that sent him yelping across the Court-house. The lawyer much incensed at the unceremonious manner in which his favorite was treated, called to him, "Pomp, come here. There," said he, "take that" giving him another kick, "did I not always tell you to keep out of bad company?"

Gambler's Devices. The blacklegs of Evansville, many of whom are Cherokees, which place lies on the line of the State of Arkansas, have a very simple method of dodging the law. They have a house on each side of the line, with a table exactly on it. The whites go on the Indian side, and the Cherokees come on to the Arkansas territory. In the case of a surprise, all they have to do is to change sides, and they are safe. The State authorities have no power on Indian ground, neither can the Cherokee police trespass on the State. The house being mutually owned by the parti-colored gamblers, cannot be touched.

A Sculptor's Model. In one of our English journals we find recorded the following death of a singular character—an old man in his 96th year, by the name of John Ennis, who, it appears, was considered one of the finest men in Europe, and had amassed a little independence by sitting as a model for all the principal sculptors and painters of the present day, foreign as well as English. He enjoyed excellent health, and wore his beard nearly to his waist for sculptural subjects, in which his portrait may be seen at the Royal Academy, and other institutions.

Not long before his death, Mr. Belue, the sculptor, waiting upon him, and requested permission to take a cast of his face for a bust, but this he refused. The old gentleman, it seems, always purchased his own provisions, and a week or two afterwards, he left home one morning for Covent Garden market to purchase vegetables. On his return, whilst crossing Soho square, he was for the first time in his life suddenly attacked with illness, but bore up against it and managed to walk home. On entering the place he exclaimed, "I am struck with death." His daughter desired him to let her run for a doctor, but he peremptorily refused, saying he never had occasion for one and never would. In five minutes after he was a corpse. The Coroner and jury, on viewing the body, expressed their admiration of the symmetry of the deceased person, the beauty of which will be perpetuated in countless models both in painting and sculpture.—*Boston Transcript.*

The number of barrels of flour exported from the United States, for the year ending Sept. 1842 was 1,529,647, of which 833,225 barrels were sent to Great Britain and her colonies. During the same year we exported 868,585 bushels of wheat, of which 850,814 bushels were sent to British ports. Nearly all of that thus exported was sent to England through her Canadian ports, and entered as colonial produce.

The universal custom of mourning was white ever the whole world, till about the year 1488, when black was substituted.

From Merry's Museum, a monthly periodical for Children.

MOHAMMED.

Among the great changes which have been made in the world, not a few have been made by arch impostors, for there seem to be no boundaries to human credulity. Mohammed, the founder of the religion which bears his name, was one of these. Of his history I intend to give my young readers a few particulars, because I think they ought to know something of a man who has given a religion to nearly a third portion of the human race.

Mohammed began his reign A. D. 609, in the fortieth year of his age. He first shut himself up, and fasted and prayed for a considerable time.—After this he pretended to have had communications with the angel Gabriel, the particulars of which he related to his wife. Astonished by his vehemence and the boldness of his pretensions, (for these two qualities sometimes completely overpower people,) she began to give out to her friends and neighbors that Mohammed was an apostle of God. Through her instrumentality her uncle or cousin, Wooska, was gained, who is said to have been a Christian, and well acquainted with the Old and New Testaments. Mohammed's servant next became a convert, and a far more important person, his young nephew, Ali, called the "Fiery," from the ardor of his temper.

Soon after this, Mohammed gained over Abubeker, a man of excellent character, who stood in high respect, and persuaded ten of the most considerable citizens of Mecca to follow his example. They were all instructed by Mohammed in the doctrine of the Islam, as he styled his new religion; and Mohammed gave from day to day, as from the angel Gabriel, the revelations he pretended to have received.

And now I wish my young readers to understand a fact—namely, that it was to an admixture of much good with his imposture that the importance of Mohammed succeeded. The religion of the people among whom he dwelt was that of an absurd and wicked Polytheism. They were either infidels or worshipped a number of bug-bears which they called gods. Mohammed taught the great truth upon which true religion rests—namely, that there was ONE GOD. He added, that Mohammed was his prophet; thus mixing truth and falsehood so artfully together that it was impossible for the weaker minded of his friends to separate them. Having believed that Mohammed was the prophet of God, they, of course, believed everything else concerning him. And when he asserted that he put the moon in the sleeve of his dress, his disciples believed him. And at last the Mohammedan, although a profound mathematician and an excellent calculator, placed implicit faith in his pretended journey to heaven on the beast Alborak.

After a while Mohammed invited the members of his family and his followers to a grand feast, and openly announced to them his determination to found a new religion, and asked which of them would undertake the office of vizier. All were silent, till the youthful Ali declared his readiness to do so, and at the same time his determination to inflict vengeance upon all those who dared to oppose his master. How different was the conduct of our blessed Savior, who, when Peter drew his sword and cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest, said, "Put up thy sword into its sheath; they who take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Mohammed, like all others who have wrought great changes in the opinions of men, had powerful opponents among those who obtained rank and profit from old errors. On several occasions Mohammed was attacked by the adherents of idolatry with open force, and compelled to change his residence, and often to flee for his life. But these persecutions had the effect, as all persecutions ever have, to spread the faith they were used to put down. Learn this, my young friends, that the more you tread on a mud full of enthusiasm, the more it turns and flies in your face.

At this time occurred Mohammed's celebrated nocturnal journey to heaven, on the beast Alborak, under the guidance of the angel Gabriel. After this, great numbers of people flocked to him, and he began to have thoughts of founding his religion by the sword. Exasperated at seeing Mohammed and his followers gird themselves with weapons of offence, his enemies formed a conspiracy to murder him; but, warned of the imminent danger, he left Mecca, accompanied by Abubeker alone, and concealed himself in a cave not far distant. There he spent three days undiscovered, after which he arrived safely at Medina, though not without many narrow escapes for his life. This event, from which the Mohammedans commence their era, is known under the name of Hegira, which signifies flight.

In Medina, Mohammed met with the most honorable reception. Thither he was followed by many of his converts; and as the number of the faithful continued to increase, he began making preparations for war. Many of those who followed Mohammed did so for the sake of what they obtained from him; but when the hopes of booty were added to other inducements, thousands joined him. His first great military exploit was the spoiling of a rich caravan, led by Abu Sophian, the chief of the Korishites. Mohammed surprised them, with an inferior force, in the valley of Beder, and inflicted on them a total defeat. He took a rich booty and numbers of prisoners.

Many other successful enterprises were now undertaken; but in the third year of the Hegira, Abu Sophian, with 3000 soldiers, attacked Mohammed with 950, on Mount Opud, not far from Medina, and a desperate conflict ensued, in which the Moslems were utterly beaten, and the wounded prophet with difficulty saved his life. Mohammed, with the craftiness common to impostors, attributed this defeat to the sins of the Moslems; he then promised Paradise to all that should for the future die in his cause, and announced that everybody had a fate, that it was no use to endeavor to withstand it; that every one died at his appointed hour, and if he did not die in battle, when the appointed hour came he would die nevertheless. This of course made the poor weak creatures who followed him ready to do anything.

In the following year, Abu Sophian appeared before Medina with 10,000 men; but, by a division among themselves, this army broke up, and Mohammed fell upon some bands of Jews who had united with them. These he cut to pieces

slaughtered nearly a thousand, and carried away the women and children into captivity.

The next act of the prophet was to offer up prayers to God. He then sent a summons to the principal neighboring princes, and also to those of the various districts of Arabia to embrace the new revelation of the divine law made through him; and many of these princes embraced his doctrine.

But the city of Mecca was a sacred city, according to the religion of the Arabs, and Mohammed knew the importance of making his head quarters, if possible, at so celebrated a place. He craved permission to visit it and its temple as a pilgrim. While at his apparent devotions he converted two men of great renown among the Arabs, called Amru and Othman, and he in consequence became more powerful and raised a larger army. Having made war on the city of Mota in Palestine, he soon returned to Mecca with an army of 12,000 men; and having defeated the Korishites, compelled them, with the point of the sword at their throats, to embrace the Islam. The idols of the Kaba were demolished, and the sacred touch of the prophet made the black stone an object of greater veneration. The temple became the sanctuary of the religion of Mohammed, and his professed were allowed access alone to the holy city of Mecca.

Mohammed now destroyed all the idols he could lay his hands upon, and, going forward in the same course he had begun, and now at the head of 30,000 men, he marched into Syria, claiming homage from all he conquered, and soon became master of the whole of Arabia. He forced his religion upon the inhabitants, but allowed the Christians free toleration.

In the tenth year of the Hegira, Mohammed took his farewell pilgrimage to Mecca; and on this occasion he was surrounded with the utmost splendor, and attended by 100,000 of his friends and followers. This was the last and most important event of his life; for, soon after his return to Medina, he died, in the eleventh year of the Hegira, and in the sixty-third year of his age.

VERMONT INSANE ASYLUM.

A correspondent of the Boston Bee, writing from Brattleboro', says:

The institution is under the charge of Dr. Rockwell and Dr. Chapin, gentlemen eminently calculated by profound medical knowledge, and continued practical experience in treatment of the insane, as well as by urbane manners and courteous bearing, for the responsible situation they occupy.—The latter gentleman has been from early youth connected with institutions of a similar nature and already acquired a medical reputation, which his seniors might well be proud of. He seems a favorite with the unfortunates under his charge, and a patient, just recovered, informed me that he is one of the kindest and best men in the world.—Such is the esteem in which he is regarded by the inmates of the Asylum, whilst I am, and wish to be, possessed of every characteristic of a gentleman.

There are at present 136 patients in this Asylum, whose diseases are ascribed to various causes. In some it is hereditary and constitutional, but in a majority induced by accidental events. I was deeply afflicted with the appearance of two young ladies, and inquired the cause of their insanity. One of them a bright eyed, merry laughing creature of eighteen, was deprived of her reason through too intense application to her studies while at a seminary in Medford, near Boston.—She is daughter of a wealthy gentleman of New York, and has been reared in the lap of elegance and luxury. Though totally lost to reason, she retains that innate air which bespeaks a high born parentage and refined early associations. I was accompanied by my favorite spaniel, of whom she was very much alarmed, and desired me to take him away, as she "knew he was mad." Having made him lay down, she seemed quite delighted, and I took advantage of her good nature to ask her to favor me with a song. She cheerfully assented and led the way to the parlor, where she seated herself at the piano, and running over the keys in a beautiful cadence, she burst forth into the air of "Home, sweet home," which charming melody I never heard sung with more touching and electrical effect.

The plaintive tone of her voice was overpowering, and the tears gushed down her cheeks. I almost feared the effort would be too much for her, but no sooner had she breathed the last note than she abruptly turned to me, and enquired "isn't that pretty?" Poor creature! it will be long ere I forget your syren notes!

I was equally touched with the appearance of another young lady, of nearly the same age.—Her history is a most touching one and may be briefly narrated thus. Born of wealthy parents, idolized in youth, gratified in the indulgence of her fondest hopes, and perfected in every accomplishment of the day, she was the pride of her family and the belle of the social circle, whose destiny she controlled. One of these enthusiastic beings, who are never satisfied with divided affection her mind was so exquisitely strung that the least discord afflicted it, and marred the music of the whole. Some three years since, she was introduced to a young naval officer, who soon wooed and won her, but villain like, having sported awhile with the chosen flame which nothing but summer and sunshine should gladden, and after having by sedulous attentions appropriated the rare gem of intellect, left it exposed to the rude blast of winter, until chilled and crushed, it has fallen to the ground seared and blasted like the withered leaf of autumn. The story of his perfidy reached her ears, but, woman-like, she would not credit aught against the idol of her heart, till her own eyes perused in the paper of a neighboring city his marriage to another. The news came like a thunder bolt upon her, withering and destroying her. In vain did her friends endeavor to cheer her desponding heart, by travel and the kindest attention. Now a blind and spirit broken thing, she no more bounded on the green like the fawn, or enfolded in the sun-shine like the lark, winging its flight to heaven's gate; a fearful change had come over her, and reason soon deserted its throne, leaving her a maniac. She takes no interest in the movements of the other patients, but sits apart, all the day, looking from a window upon the boundless prospect before her. Every attempt to direct her mind has been, as yet, unsuccessful, and though passionately fond of music in her moments of reason, the sound is now displeasing to her, and she retires to

her apartment closing the door after her, as if to exclude herself from the society of others. What has the man to answer for who thus destroyed a virgin flower in the pride of its bloom!

THE WAY TO GET UP TYLER MEETINGS.

The Baltimore Patriot of Saturday states there was an attempt to get up a Tyler meeting in Princess Anne (Md.) a few days ago. The whole county of Somerset had been invited, and as a Tyler meeting anywhere, but especially in the good old county of Somerset, would be a rare sight, the attendance of the people was very large. As the number of Tyler men in Princess Anne and this city is much the same, we think we shall be entitled to the thanks of the Captain's guard here if we let them into the secret of getting up a little public opinion for the Captain and his man John Jones. "After some difficulty," says the Patriot, "Mr. Littleton Dennis Tenckle was allowed to take the chair, and Messrs. Jones and Cusley appointed Secretaries—the votes of these three being all that was given for the organization it was necessary that they should forgo their usual modesty, and vote for themselves—which they did. There was an ominous silence, and a speech called for. But no one responding to the call, Mr. Tenckle, seeing no other way of having the thing done, proposed a long string of resolutions.

On putting the vote, they were voted down. Mr. Jones then requested those opposed to the object of the meeting to withdraw—but nobody went.—Determined not to be balked by such impoliteness, Mr. Tenckle again put his resolutions to vote, and, although every body voted against them, but himself & the secretaries, he declared them unanimously adopted. In announcing this flattering vote, Mr. Tenckle took advantage of his rising to make a speech in favor of Mr. Tyler,—and enfolded him in a way to ensure, we should suppose, according to the practice of the Administration, his appointment to some office of high profit. Mr. Tenckle's speech over a motion made to adjourn, but the motion was voted down—the question of adjournment was therefore waived, and the meeting declared *dismissed*!

COOKING A HUSBAND.

Many of our married lady readers are not aware how a good husband ought to be cooked, so as to make a good dish of him. We have lately seen a recipe in an English paper, contributed by one "Mary," which points out the *modus operandi* of preparing and cooking husbands. Mary states that a good man husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women go about it as if their lords were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in the hottest beds of contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. "These women," says Mary, "do not know how to cook a husband. A good husband should be cooked in a moderate way, but they are, on the contrary, quite delicious when preserved. Mary points out her manner thus:—"Get a large jar, called the jar of cheerfulness, (which by the bye, all good wives have at hand.) Being placed in it, set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear. Above all, let the heat be regular and constant. Cover him over with quantities of affection, kindness and submission. Keep plenty of these things by you, and be very attentive to supply the place of any that may waste by evaporation, or any other cause. Garnish with modest becoming familiarity, and innocent pleasantry; and if you add kisses or other confectionaries, accompany them with a sufficient secrecy, and it would not be amiss to add a little prudence and moderation."

THE FIRE AT TALLAHASSEE.—The whole City has been swept away—a few houses in the suburbs being the only remnants of its existence left. The citizens of the County have issued an address to their fellow citizens throughout the United States—of which the following is an extract:

"The extent of this overwhelming calamity may be measured by the fact, that from the port of Tallahassee, at the mouth of the river St. Marks, there have been exported in the current year or collected for exportation, chiefly on account of the merchants and traders of Tallahassee, 32,000 bales of cotton, the only staple of export of the Territory of Florida—a quantity worth in ordinary years, \$1,200,000, and at its present reduced price, a moiety of that sum. In return for this exportation a full equivalent has hitherto been imported, compensating not merely or chiefly the comforts or luxuries, but the necessities of life—its staple commodity having, until lately, employed the productive industry of the country, to the exclusion of every other pursuit. The merchant and agents of a commerce that has exceeded two and a half millions in the year, are by a sudden blow, deprived of their stores, warehouses, and their unsold stock of goods; the artisans of their shops, and of their very tools of trade. And the property so lost, less than twenty thousand dollars is covered by insurance. Such a calamity cannot but make a powerful appeal to the sympathy of a generous public; and their reliance on that appeal, the citizens of Tallahassee consult the feelings of which they have themselves manifested on the like occasions towards the calamities of their more fortunate fellow-citizens of the United States."

Van Burenian defeated in the Legislature of Connecticut.—The Loco Foco members of the Legislature of Connecticut held their annual caucus at Hartford on the 17th. W. S. Holabird in the chair. Resolutions were adopted, against a National Bank, in favor of the Sub-Treasury, against distribution—and the assumption by the General Government of the debts of the States. No expression was made as to the choice of the Loco Focos of Connecticut for the next Presidency—an omission which has been supplied by the New Haven Palladium. We find a statement in the Palladium that a resolution was introduced, declaring it the opinion of the democracy of Connecticut that the National Convention should be held next November.—as Mr. Van Buren's friends have always desired—which after leading to an almost interminable discussion, was finally defeated by the casting vote of the Chairman. The vote stood 49 to 45, when Mr. Holabird voted in the negative, and thus killed the resolution. If Van Burenian cannot beat Calhounian even in New England, what chance has the little magician with his great rival elsewhere?—[Atlas.]

We find the following conundrum in an exchange paper, it contains more truth than wit.—
"Why is a newspaper like a tooth-brush? Dye give it up? Because every body should have one of his own, and not borrow his neighbor's."

THE BROTHERS UNITED.

A TALE OF THE MOHAWK.

[Written by Cooper in 1820—never before published.]

"Nature grows not alone in thews and bulk."—
Shakespeare.

"This is a dismal night," said the Indian, while the bleak winds whistled through the tall pines, and the hollow murmurs they gave, as they roamed along the desolate glen, seemed like the sighings of a giant confined in their gloomy recesses. The oak, the chestnut and the shrubbery were stripped of their foliage, or only broken by the presence of a few dead leaves that shrouded the scene in verdure. The scattered trunks of prostrate and decaying trees added to the gloom, while occasional gray rocks protruded their mossy sides above the snow-drifts, and mantled winter with a thousand unpleasant associations. "Tis a dismal spot; but O-chiee says no traps for the white man. Will you go on?"

"True, true," said the hunter, as he recovered from a momentary stupor; "I must proceed; but the cold has almost benumbed my faculties. We must hasten, O-chiee; you are more tuned to this bitter weather than I am; and I fear we must soon seek some close shelter, where we may raise a fire to warm ourselves. For my part, I feel the lassitude which is said to overcome one in freezing."

"Be brave! be brave!" replied O-chiee; "the Black Wolf is not far distant, and the fire which he would make could not be more comfortable than to perish in the snows." Then laying his hand upon his lips, in token of silence, he led the way rapidly, but with caution, along the black drifts they were tracing. Still wild and fitful gusts rolled past them, while the heavens exhibited dark, flickle, and hurried clouds which swept over them like the drift their erratic movements propelled. "Down!" whispered the Indian, as he buried himself in the snow, and pulled, with a powerful grasp, his companion beside him, "did you not see them as they passed below? They will soon be on our trail."

"What is to be done?" inquired the hunter.

"Let them pass up the rocks on the other side of the creek; then we must be nimble-footed, or we shall fall into their hands. Ha, see, they are no longer in sight. Now use every nerve!"

At these words, both started to their feet; and, in the hurried trot of foots, made as rapid progress as practicable towards the bank of the river, occasionally casting an anxious glance on the track of their pursuers, lest some loiterer from their ranks might observe their motions. Arrived at the mouth of the creek, the hunter was for diverging farther into the wood, and leaving his enemies in the pursuit, to take shelter in direct flight; but his more sagacious companion interposed.

"Do you not fear the snow prints?" said O-chiee; "an Indian's eye would not let such a trail escape him. We must fall into their own path, and mingle our foot-prints with theirs, till both are so lost as not to be traced at all; then trust me for an abode of security."

So saying, they darted across the frozen stream, and followed the path of their pursuers, seeming themselves to pursue. Meanwhile the party of Black Wolf had discovered their footprints, and, with a yell that rang wildly along the hills, the discovery was announced, as they struck into and followed it with increased ardor. As O-chiee had supposed, they soon found themselves confused by falling on their own trail, having, from their numbers, completely destroyed that of their intended victims, who continued their route until they had arrived within a short distance of the spot where they had but a few minutes previous thrown themselves into the snow to elude the sight of their enemies.

"Now," said O-chiee, "follow me," as he descended rapidly between two projecting crags, till lost to the sight of the amazed and motionless hunter. But he was soon aroused by the voice of his guide below. "What! does the white man fear? Let him fall, then, into the hands of his foe—Would he be safe, let him follow the path I have taken!"

Another wild and distinct war-whop decided him in his course, and he descended the aperture, which, at the depth of about twenty feet, opened into a wide and gloomy cavern, whose roof was formed of mossy and projecting rocks, while the sound of rushing water satisfied him that the sunken channel of some stream held its course through the dreary domain. There was scarcely light sufficient to render the objects around discernible, and a dense fog seemed to fill every cranny of the cave.

"Now, white man," said the Indian, as, with a giant's strength, he covered the entrance of their retreat with a huge rock which had apparently once filled the aperture through which they entered, "you are removed from the danger of pursuit; look around you! Do you tremble that you are in the power of a poor friendly Indian, who has bartered the risk of his own life for your safety? The Black Wolf knows not this retreat—and did he, he durst not enter it. The 'dwarf Indian,' as you white men call me, could instantly cover him with the jetting rocks around us. Look around you. What can you see? The dim thick vapors that overshadow your rivers, the dark and gloomy confines that border on your faltered feet! Dost thou not know me?"

The hunter was surprised at this apostrophe, and he answered to the Indian's inquiry with a tremulousness that in ordinary cases would have seemed unusual. "Strange man! I know you not; you have that of your person and manners which passes over me like an infant dream, and I look upon you as something allied to the memory of the past, but which I cannot trace or define."

"How many brethren have ye, 'white man? Lives your father yet—and your mother?"

There was something mournful in the inquiry of the Indian; but his eye watered not, and his countenance was fixed with a desponding but firm glance upon the being addressed.

"Mysterious being," at length the hunter exclaimed, "I know not why I am thus interrogated; but my brothers have been three; two have fallen beneath the hatchet of our pursuers—my eldest I know not of; he was borne away long since by the same tribe, and has probably shared the fate of the two last. I had one sister, now their captive; and, but for the wild desperation of the act, I would now attempt her rescue."

"But what of your father, and your mother?" was the quick and almost savage reply of the Indian.

"They were borne away by the same savage band."

"Dare you, white man," and the Indian raised his dwarfish yet gigantic proportions, "dare you white man—dare you attempt their rescue?"

"With my life I will," replied the hunter, not a little nettled at the inquiry.

"Hold then," said O-chiee, as he communicated fire to a bunch of combustibles; "the hour is not far distant when we can surprise them on their midnight watch."

Night was, indeed, fast approaching, and the discomfited Black Wolf and his party had encamped [Concluded on 4th page.]